Roxbury, Dec. 15, 1875.

My Dear Fanny:

I do not forget that to-morrow will be the thirty-second anniversary of your birth-day. It is a stage in your life that I find it extremely difficult to realize; and yet, with three lovely and lovable children at your side, calling you by the endearing name of mother — and, moreover, remembering that I have exceeded my threescore years and ten — I can no longer question its actuality. But there is nothing to regret in all this — far otherwise. I would like to imprint at least thirty-two fatherly kisses upon your fair cheeks, but, as two hundred and thirty-six miles intervene, you must take the will for the deed. "Many happy returns of the day!" If I were in New York,

I would gladly put into your hands an acceptable love-token, if I could find one. Accept all our congratulations and best wishes, as though offered individually.

With the poet Whittier, you can say—

"Beneath the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year;
The wintry winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befell;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well.

The years no charms from Nature take;
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her mornings break,
As fair her evenings fall."

In this spirit may you pass on to a serene and blissful old age!

I enclose two photographic cards that you and the children will be sure to look at with interest and wonder. They represent, unquestionably, the two smallest specimens of living human beings, considering their ages, to be found in the entire population of the globe; and it is questionable if in all past time they have ever been equalled. The little boy is twelve years old, yet weighs only nine pounds! The little girl is a little older, and weighs only five pounds, clothes, boots, and all! The former is really handsome, and quite philosophic in his bearing. The latter is less amiable, but as restless and queer as a little monkey. They are now on exhibition in Horticultural Hall, and of course attract many visitors. The cards you need not return, as I have duplicates. Should these wonderful little beings be exhibited in New York (if they have not already been), do not fail to take the children to see them.

Madame Essipoff has given two concerts in Music Hall—will give another this evening—and a matinee to-morrow afternoon. Frank and Ellie heard her on Wednesday evening, and were delighted, of course. She intends giving again this evening. I shall take Ellie with me at the matinee to-morrow afternoon.

Horace Cheney is dead, and the funeral takes place to-morrow, at 1 o'clock, at Valley Falls. Mrs. Chace has telegraphed me to be present, but I am obliged to decline, as I am laboring under a violent attack of influenza, to say nothing of other ailments. Frank will be there.

Miss Southwick sends you her congratulations and kind wishes.

Love to Mary—kisses for Helen, Harold, and Oswald.

Your loving Father.